



Notes Toward A Speech Delivered at CONFUSION 6 and/or 7, Friday, January 18, 1980

In early December, when Leah asked me for a title for this...to use in the program book...I gave her the best one I could think of¹ -- knowing full well it probably wouldn't have anything to do with what I eventually came up with.
And it doesn't.

True enough, I made my very first speech ever, in public, at this convention four years ago -- and if I search long enough, I could probably find a way to work that fact into this, the 9th Bill Bowers Speech.

Perhaps I would, if I were into keeping lists...and such things as marking the various anniversaries of events in my life. But as you well know -- after the previous eight speeches, starting four years ago this weekend -- that I would never resort to such a cheap gimmick in any of my public utterances.

Others may wander on erratically, about a variety of topics, but me -- I stick to the issues...

So now, for something completely different -- for me; and for something that, as far as I know, has only one precedent in convention history (that at Balticon 10, in 1976). That said, let me present to you this, the "live" version of:

BILL BOWERS' THE TENTH ANNISH² OUTW(30)RLDS

...unfortunately, thus far -- in the short time span since the last issue -- I've only had time to finish the editorial. Note that this is *not* the new editorial policy; that will come later.

What we have here, therefore, is yet another installment of "...from William's Pen". And it goes like this:

¹"Bill Bowers, You've Come A Long Way in Four Years!"

²"Annish" is fannish for "Anniversary Issue." A glossary of such terms will be appended for those of you who have just discovered fandom, fanzines, and conventions, since the advent of "STREK: The Motionless Picture".

IT REALLY HASN'T BEEN *THAT* LONG. Since October of 1976, when that massive double issue came out. Oh yes, some of ye of little faith -- and less patience -- have persisted in expressing some doubt as to the eventual appearance of this issue.

I won't say I told you so.

But I did.

Some of those same people have even questioned my ability to get out the two promised lettercolumn supplements. I hope that discovering that *Outworlds* 27.5 and *Outworlds: The Epilogue* are enclosed in the same envelope with this will not prove to be too great a shock to anyone.

You know how I hate upsetting people.

Ignoring for the moment 1966, and the *first first* issue, we come to January, 1970, and the first *Outworlds*. It was small -- 26 pages; mimeoed; and had a print run of 312 copies. Initially it went to *Double:Bill* holdovers, before gradually building its own unique mailing list -- a process I seem to be going through again, with yet another new fanzine title.

It was of course compared to *Double:Bill*; mostly favorably, but not entirely. History repeats itself.

In the same timeframe, there appeared an obscurely titled fanzine, mimeographed on yellow paper with heavy -- very heavy -- white covers. It featured neophyte editors, and thunked into our post office box bearing a Toronto postmark.

Though he claims we met the preceeding Labor Day in St. Louis, I don't remember that. What I do remember is this: the very first check *Energuman* ever received was signed by Jaon Bowers.

And I'm sure it still resides in Glicksohn's shoebox, somewhere.

1970 was a very long time ago, and the world was different then. Well, a little bit different, at least. Those were the days before the FAAn Awards, before *Rocky Horror*, before the attainment of our "just and honorable" peace, before look-alike fandom, before Larry Downes, before... Before so many things that are taken for granted today.

Why, it was even before Bill Bowers Speeches.

Nostalgia...ah, isn't it sweet?

Relax. I'm neither going to give you a history of *Outworlds*...or the 70's.

Just yet.

What I *am* going to do is not in the nature of one of my speeches -- that is, presenting a carefully reasoned, tightly constructed thesis in a logical straight-forward manner. No, I'll do just as I've always done in my editorials: sermonize, and ramble on about myself...and the contents of this issue.

A Quote:

...but, he said repeatedly, *Outworlds* is not dead; it's only resting. Bill, on the other hand, was definitely not resting; he was busily going where no Bill Bowers had ever gone before... A bit hesitantly here, a little awkwardly there... but nevertheless, he left loose, giving full rein to emotion rather than logic, reaction rather than preplanning *everything*... and was able to (and it was as surprising to him as much as anybody) to do so to such an extent that, while it bemused, amused, and confused friends of longer duration, he held onto them, while making new friends: loving and caring, going and living--a process that, once started, just seemed to keep on mushrooming...

...and now he says, Behold! Proof that *Outworlds* Lives! (And Better Than Ever, he not at all modestly adds.) Bill, on the other hand, is still not resting: he is overextended, overinvolved, overcommitted...and thoroughly overjoyed by it all, even if just a bit overwhelmed!

...and he suspects that he may well become overbearing about it all,

while he is attempting to achieve an overview, overall. So why not? All new converts are zealots; I am not immune.

Overnight it seemed to happen, but surely I overlook the obvious?

---Outworlds 28/29; 1976; page 1104

Almost...I'm sorry that I wrote that over three years ago; it would have made such an appropriate lead-in to *this* issue!

Status Update: One of these days I'll probably have to rest. But not just yet.

Back when the world was younger ... and I was older (I have witnesses!):

Those were the days when Bob Tucker wrote for me...rather than for 10 & 1/2-year-old nymphettes... (I'm still waiting, Dotti...)

Those were the days when Jerry Kaufman swore he'd never publish a fanzine...

Those were the days when Ted White's fanzines were mimeographed...

...and Andy Porter's proxine was dittoed.

Those were the days before Mike Glicksohn learned to play poker. ...before he called me Machiavellian! ...the days before F.H.F. (...very, very esoteric reference).

Those were the days when the very idea of holding a Worldcon in Detroit was as likely as the mere suggestion that Chicago host another Democratic convention...

Those were the days when Ro Lutz-Nagey had long hair. And I didn't.

...the days when Ro Nagey womanized. And I didn't know what it was.

Those were the days when only Andy Offutt wore caftans ... before becoming SFWA President, and going respectable on us...

Those were the days when we were lucky to have a convention or two a month in the summer...rather than being lucky enough to find a weekend in March without four or five scheduled opposite each other.

Those were the days of the second folding of Science Fiction Review.

Those were the dying days of the New Wave...

...and of an approaching Worldcon in Boston!

And, yes, those were the days before the widely proclaimed death of the giant genzine. ...but that's a topic to be considered later in this issue:

Like, at One O'Clock...tomorrow afternoon.³

Speaking of this issue, I won't dwell on how unique and different it is from the preceeding issues. The fact that the cover is numbered Page One should suffice to give you the barest hint...

And how about that cover! Some would call it Jack Gaughanish because of its sketchiness; others might refer to it as John Berkeyish, because of its splashiness. But call it what you will...a full-color, wrap-around, typically avant-garde Fabian is still... a full-color wrap-around typically avant-garde Fabian!

A Second Quote:

One thing I've been meaning to mention for a long time is this:

I get a lot of mail addressed to one "Mr. Bowers"; that happens to be my father. The "William L." you see occasionally on the contents page is simply for posterity; my name is Bill. So Be It Known To One & All, that only the following three individuals are required to address me as "Mr. Bowers" (with an optional, but respectful "Sir" afterwards): Michael Glicksohn, Jerry Kaufman, Larry Downes.

(I told you I'd make you famous, Larry...)

Outworlds 27; 1/6/76

³...a panel titled "'Not I,' Said the Fly: Who Killed Fanzine Fandom?", with Brian Earl Brown, Denise Parsley Leigh, myself...and moderated by Mike Glicksohn. (It seemed to go better than most such panels go...)

I've been trying to accomplish this for a long time... So I'm pleased to announce that I have finally managed to entice *all* of my regular columnists into contributing to a single issue. There's really not that many, and I'm actively courting a few additions to pad out future issues, but in the meantime the line-up this time goes like this:

POUL ANDERSON switches from beer to whiskey, from mutterings to shouting, in his spirited defense of George McGovern;

PIERS ANTHONY tells how much he enjoys conventions, as well as the welcome stream of recent fannish visitors to his door...and expresses, abashedly, his gratitude at the reception his first fanzine has received;

GREG BENFORD reports that he is sick and tired of being referred to as "the Bradbury of his generation" -- and that he plans to take a correspondence general science course real soon now...;

DAVE LOCKE splits his column between giving helpful hints gleaned from the care and feeding of his legendary fanzine collection -- and tidbits on how to be kind to people shorter than yourself (if you can find them...);

DOC LOWNDES declares that nothing of worth was written in science fiction until the late 1970's;

ANDREW J OFFUTT discourses on maintaining the purity of the field -- that is, crucifying Conan immediately ... and further declares that any s.f. writer caught writing porn -- even under a pseudonym -- should be barred from SFWA for life!

JODIE OFFUTT makes Gloria Stenium look as liberated as Pat Nixon, while saying that any woman caught knitting at a convention should be stitched to the cross...behind Conan;

BOB TUCKER preaches the smooth joys of temperance, and decries the prevalence of sexual innuendoes in the deliveries of other toastmasters...;

TED WHITE bemoans the predominance of fannish writing, and points with some alarm at the prevalence of drug use at conventions -- interspersing his Thots with other, lighter, elements...;

BILLY WOLFENBARGER descends from his life of urban penthouse splendor to ask: Are farms really the way they're depicted on "The Waltons"?

...and SUSAN WOOD commemorates the fifth anniversary of her emigration to the States, from the cultural wasteland of Canada.

Err...

Actually, I copped out on that last one: I was going to say...

SUSAN WOOD describes her vasectomy, and enumerates her techniques for seducing young fans...while playing Hearts all night at conventions...

I was going to say that.

...but I decided I enjoyed living too much to do so!

...you can call me chicken, and you can call me coward -- but you can also call me cautious!

At first, I was going to say that my proudest achievement in this issue was the spread of Roger Elwood's Limmericks -- graphically illustrated by Taral... but, on second thought, that honor has to go to the fact that I -- at long last -- have managed to coax a second article out of Ro Lutz-Nagey.

It is titled "*The Secret Handpress of Fandom: A Sur-real and Semi-True Version Thereof*" -- and it describes his rise to prominence as the editor of a big time, big deal prozine that no fan (with the possible exception of Gene Wolfe) has ever heard of. I hate to get emotional, but I'm certain that Ro will bring you to tears, in modestly telling of the sacrifices he makes for his indentured servant...a pro-lific writer in his own write.

Quote Three:

...from *Outworlds* 20 -- mid-1974:

I really wasn't going to write another of these self-examination editorials for a while... When completing #19...I didn't expect to have to. But rather than putting in [sic] a new way, I'd like to offer some excerpts from my editorial in *Outworlds* III [May, 1970] as a Credo/Statement of editorial intent:

Communication; Involvement; Obligation: Three words.

I operate within certain prejudices, some of which even I am unaware. But I definitely prefer people who do creative things, over those who are always talking about doing creative things. And those people I consider to be wasting their lives by not attempting to leave the world a bit better, a little more beautiful than it was when they arrived...these people would probably say that I have an unhealthy, almost fanatical desire to produce a beautiful fanzine.

They would be right.

I wish that I could say that I could do it alone; at times, I think Yes... at other times, well, maybe...

I will publish for a hundred, or a thousand; it doesn't matter overmuch. But I require response; I cannot read your minds.

Come...let us, together, create a speck of beauty in a graying world. We can have some fun, perhaps learn a thing or two, prove that name-calling is not the only way to have a lively letter section, and (perhaps) construct a fanzine that is, indeed, greater than the sum of its parts.

I realize that you may not need me...

But I certainly need you.

I really hate to do it, but this is going to have to be *absolutely* the last issue to carry anything on the Harlan Ellison / Ted White / Dean Koontz / Piers Anthony / Donald Pfeil --who?-- love feast. I mean, really, the whole thing has become so positively saccharin, that my teeth decayed while I was typing up this issue's modest 44-page installment.

I've had it. The five thousand print run of this issue is a bit much.

I'm going back to basics.

The next issue will be heckto.

A "serious interlude" is mandatory here.

Insert mandatory "serious interlude".

Insertation complete.

I once said that every time Joe Haldeman wrote a song, I'd publish an issue of *Outworlds*. Well, perhaps it is stretching a point, but in this issue we have a reprise.

It is titled thusly:

"Locked Up In a Spaceship With Five Hundred Unfrozen..."

...and Very, Very Horny Stan Longs!"

A while back I mentioned two fanzines that, in other circumstances, would be celebrating their tenth anniversaries this month. And, by inference, if not in actuality, I mentioned two names associated with those fanzines.

...and at about the same time, Mike Glicksohn will show you his poker hand, and regale you with stories of Energuman's 6-issues-a-year quarterly schedule...

Discretion is not my long suit, and tact is a mythology to me, but this I must say:

Without -- and it is as simple as that -- without Joan Baker and Susan Wood, there would *not* have been an *Outworlds*... there would *not* have been an *Energuman*.

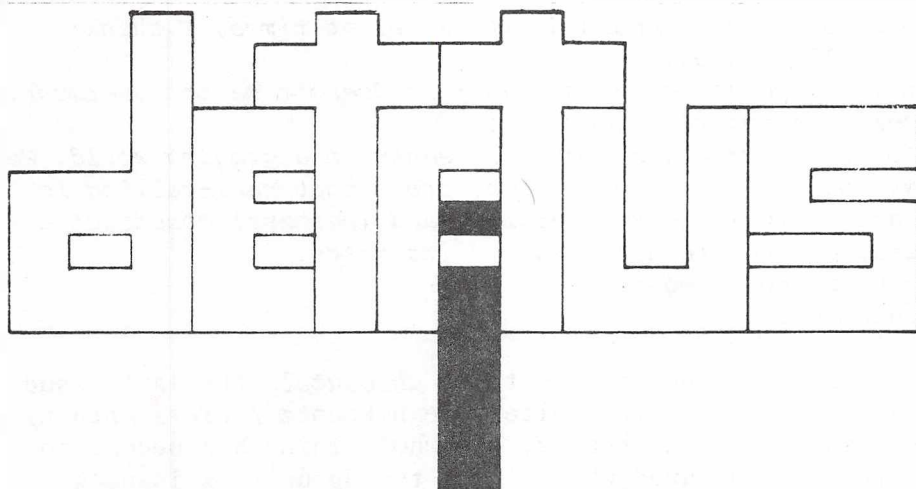
This is not a fanzine; this is a speech.

Sort of.

And if you enjoy them enough to go home and start a fanzine called *Out-U-Men* or *Energ-U-Worlds*... tell me about it.

At Confusion One or/and Zero.

---Bill Bowers; 1/17/80; 12:54 aum.



...approximately half of you will be getting this with X:Three.
The Reasons for this unseemly delay in distribution are Many &
Marvelous. ...but perhaps have lead to a managable lettercolumn!

Sigh There seems to be no end to the talents of Stephen Leigh. He writes, he draws, he sings, he plays, he's Good People, he's one of the sexiest men I've ever met; disguised as mild-mannered critic Lee Stevens, he reviews books; and now I find he interviews as well! Interviews conducted by mail are all too often choppy, forced into the Procrustean confines of pre-selected questions. Steve's interview with Spider flows like an in-person interview; I had to be told it had been conducted by mail. My praise to the interviewer, the interviewee, and the editor!

Were you *really* paying tribute to Michael in your first two issues? I wouldn't put it past you!

Maraschiello. Now, what's so hard about *that* (especially if you're used to a *really* hard name, like maybe Glicksohn)? If you call him Bill-of-all-instruments, though, nearly everyone will know who you mean.

Lovers into friends or friends into lovers... for me (as for you?) a very chicken-and-egg question.

Caring, loving... if you stop to think about "handling" the responsibility they entail, you'll freeze up, get scared, slam your shell down and hide. If you just *do* it, on the other hand--it's like running off a precipice in the cartoons; you don't fall unless you stop and look down. You do love, you do care. It needs no more proof than this: you were there at Conclave. Thanks are inadequate.

[illegible]

JOEL D. ZAKEM Last Saturday was not a very good day for me. I lost a job that I had held for a few years. And though, as jobs go, it wasn't anything great, the parting was a lot less amicable than I would have liked. After work, I had to rush to prepare the house for a CFG meeting that I wasn't sure I was in the Proper mental state for. But the meeting turned out better than I hoped; the people helped. Also I picked up *Xenolith Three*.

After everyone left, being too restless to sleep, I thumbed through the issue and came across Bill Bowers' *First Annual Post-Iguanacon Retrospective*. To say that the speech/essay touched something in me would be putting it mild.

Our experiences in fandom are worlds apart. I've never put as much into it as you have, and therefore have not collected a lot of the rewards fandom offers. But as a basically shy, inhibited, fan-on-the-fringe, I could still identify in a lot of what you said.

(It also reached me a lot more on reading it than it did when I heard you deliver the remarks at Nasfic. This could be due to one of three reasons: (1) Your speechmaking [no offense]; (2) As both Denise and C.D. have pointed out to me, my lack of sobriety through much of the con; or (3) my current state of mind. I think it's a little of each.)

The events that you describe are somewhat outside my experience. Some of the people you talk about I consider friends, others I don't even know. Yet I can identify with what you wrote, and I think that I can feel some of the caring and loving that you have received from these people and events. Though we are very different people, this piece, along with some others you have written, have managed to bring us more together, and even if it sounds trite, I'd like to thank you for that.

[2/9/80] - 615 Monroe St., Newport, KY 41071

GEORGE R.R. MARTIN Being a hardcore serconnish sci-fi kind of guy, I still experience a small moment of sadness whenever I open an envelope from Outworlds Publications and see that the all-new all-professional part-Ro Outworlds has not yet arrived, but my musings over all that might have been are generally forgotten once I actually start reading *Xenolith*.

Steve Leigh's interview with Spider was my favorite part of the issue. Some interesting information there, and both interviewee and interviewer came across as people, which is rare in such features. I'd say that Steve ought to do more interviews--he is certainly better at it than most of the practitioners I've seen--except that, really, what he ought to do is concentrate on his own fiction and leave the interviewing to those who can't do much else. If he does that, maybe in a few years some one will be interviewing him. That is, assuming this market ever picks up again. Right now everything I hear from New York indicates that the bloom is off the rose and hard times are a-comin'.

Maybe it's a good thing that the all-professional *Outworlds* never made it. If it had, your glory days would be behind you and you'd be starting to feel the crunch, along with all the other pros. As it is, you have so much to look forward to...

I was also curious to read your Nasfic speech, since I missed it at Louisville, being programmed against it. I couldn't imagine what could possibly have been so engrossing about your speech so as to lead Denise to skip my reading. Undoubtedly that was sly counterprogramming. Cliff Amos and his concon probably expected such vast crowds at my reading that they felt compelled to lure some away with the promise of a Bowers speech full of Behind-the-Scenes-Worldcon-Politics and Strange Fannish Love Rites. It worked, too. Why I don't know, except that I still haven't sold the story I read there.

[3/25/80] - 1205 Declovina, Santa Fe, NM 87501

MARY CONAN I was a bit confused by the distinction between "making a lover into a friend...or a friend into a lover". At first I voted with the 'relatively new acquaintance', then realized that it hasn't always happened that way with me. It doesn't take long, sometimes, to decide that someone is Very Good People, and cuddly besides--and seeing someone for 2-1/2 days maybe once a month, as with con fandom, doesn't give much opportunity for a long and careful courtship. It's much harder to grow in knowledge of someone else, to the point of long-lasting friendship. Just no time to talk it out. Then again, maybe labelling people "lover"--"friend" according to activities shared or whatever, isn't even necessary?

Hang onto the Mustang. If it has nothing major wrong with it at 90,000 miles, it'll last forever. Speaking as a two-time Mustang owner... (Good grief. Your abrupt transitions are not only intriguing, they're contagious!) Hooray, hooray! And overwhelming approval for your comments on reporting "incidents"--or rather, on keeping other people's names out of it. There's frequently a good reason for recounting an occurrence (to illustrate an opinion, to describe a significant change in oneself, etc.). The specific people involved are almost never relevant, and sometimes have good reason for preferring to remain anonymous. You have no obligation to satisfy an uninvolved party's curiosity/purient interest. Which, of course, is exactly what you were saying; but I feel strongly about it myself.

You're the third fanzine editor I've noticed to refer to a projected publication date, not for the next issue; but for the issue thereafter. Planning ahead? Wishful thinking? Personality quirk?

I wish I'd seen your Nasfic speech. Reading the notes was the "next best thing to being there"--well, almost--at least, it'll have to do.

"When You Love, When You Care..." The possible conclusions to that suggestion are endless. Of course. But who wants an answer that inspires no further questions?

[3/25/80] - 801 S. 18th St., Columbus, OH 43206

I've tried to hold back on the esoteric/gut-teasing/literary masturbation stuff this time.

I really have.

I even went so far as to "reject" (at least postpone) the impressionistic piece I wrote yesterday...containing the things I really wanted to say.

But I suppose I did that because it wasn't esoteric enough; more like blatant...

...those of you who can't get enough of such things, however, are directed to Bill Bowers' *Second "This Is Not A Speech"* in *Graymalkin* 5. (It Tells All...)

[Copies of that, and *Graymalkin* 4--containing the first "...Not A Speech" & a very nice cover--are \$1 ea. from: Denise Parsley Leigh, 121 Nansen, Cincinnati, OH 45216.]

BRIAN EARL BROWN

If there is anything wrong with *Xenolith*, it is your involuted writing. It's very enjoyable in a small circulation zine, like an apazine or a small personalzine, but XL (series two) has a much more general audience and I think would benefit from a more direct voice. As it stands, XL is almost incestuous with its veiled allusions and half comments.

And speaking of veiled allusions, isn't it nice to know that by not publishing a major zine in two years you can once again become obscure. And if you stop going to cons (or insisting on telling strangers who you are), in time people might entirely forget who you are. It's frightening to realize that whole fannish generations have come and gone since the last *Outworlds*!

[1/29/80] - 16711 Burt Road #207, Detroit, MI 48219

There was this great "B.C." cartoon in the newspaper today.

...something about a town so small that the passing of the Goodyear blimp would constitute a total eclipse.

If I thought reprinting copyrighted material without permission was moral (the legalities involved don't bother me) I'd run it here; instead, I clipped it, and sent it on to a friend who also appreciated a small-town upbringing....

When I last reported, I had this 55-hour-a-week job that was to make me solvent, if dead. Well, after eleven weeks, it blew up in my face--I suppose I helped; punching a time clock in a technical office job for the first time in my life tended to be just a bit aggravating--and I was laid off (again!) February 22.

I was off four weeks...

...but I kept busy: Went to Hoosiercon and Inconvient .5, with a trip to Milwaukee and the Chicago-area-instead-of-Wiscon in between...and didn't mail out all those X:Three's that were sitting around.

...and things got a bit tight.

So, when one of the people from my agency called, and asked if I'd be interested in working in Marion, Indiana...after a little thought, I said: "Sure, why not?"

Even someone as skinny as I has to eat occasionally.

CAROLYN DOYLE

Thank you for the latest *Xenolith*--I try not to like it too much because I know it might end any day, and then I'd be stuck missing it.

The cover reminds me of some pictures we saw in Psychology class from an intelligence test--you have to make up a story about what's happening, and if the story differs from the dull, ordinary one everyone gives, you are branded a pervert. For example, I would say that the man in the cover is a lonely traveling salesman looking for some companionship, and most people would say he is Jack the Ripper...

Steve's interview of Spider is quite good, which means that it is different from a lot of interviews. For one thing, it is readable, and for another, Steve doesn't say too much. I've been told that the only way to be interviewed is on paper, through the mail; this interview certainly lends weight to that view. Steve handled it very well, and you couldn't really guess that it was a letter-type interview, judging by the feedback he gives to Spider's replies. This must of consisted of at least two exchanges of letters.

I must disagree with Lee Pelton. Have you seen how much trouble shag carpeting makes? Raking it, and all? Glicksohn would make a terrible rug, unless you had a live-in maid, in which case, what are you doing with such a cheap rug anyway?

Don't believe Eric Lindsay for a moment, when he says he can't get into the U.S.. I have offered to marry him, after all. (Though, if I am drafted, as Carter's recent speech pretends, I may end up marrying Glicksohn for the duration, instead.) (I am a very honest coward.)

[1/26/80] - 1949 N. Spencer, Indianapolis, IN 46218

LAURIE D.T. MANN

"Wierd and Trivial Facts About Ohio. #1:

Port William is southwest of Bowersville in western Ohio."

Remember, you read it here first...unless you've been doing much map reading...

I might believe that the caftan was an "official Detroit bidding uniform" if I saw Rusty wearing one.

Very fine Nasfic speech. I agree with most of it, but really must quibble with the idea that "friendly" arguments can happen only in fandom. In many groups where people have one common binding interest, these sorts of "discussions" can often take place. It doesn't only happen in fandom. Conversely, I have heard people disagreeing violently over things in fandom, and sink to the depths of absurd name calling and other sorts of Fuggheadedness, at cons, at club meetings, in APAs and in fanzines. So fandom isn't immune from this sort of silliness either.

[1/25/80] - 381 East Second St., #1, Chillicothe, OH 45601

Yet Another Update: This Saturday [4/26] I will have had my car four years.

...and on the way back from the Colsher's "not-moving" party last Sunday, it passed the 95,000 mile mark. But I have slowed down--considerably--in the past two years.

...still, when one is working 170 miles from "home", it tends to add up.

Err...about that "no more long trips in it" statement:

I suppose that, as long as it keeps going...so will I. Certainly seems so...

It Can Happen To You, Too!: I won \$10.00 in a Publishers Clearing House giveaway.

...that about makes up for the postage spent entering the damned things!

MIKE BRACKEN Nearly everytime I see a Bowers fanzine I find myself overcome with the desire to write a loc. And nearly every time I find myself stuttering at the keyboard, unable to find the words to say what I want to say. When I entered fandom *Outworlds* was one of the strongest "role-models" I had, and *GRAFANEDICA* contained many of the ideas and tips I ripped off, adapted, and used to publish my early issues. My how times have changed. I still thumb through back issues of *Outworlds* on occasion, and I place *Xenolith* at the forefront of my fanzines-to-read pile. I read all the itty-bitty type, perhaps dash off a line or two, and stuff it in the file, knowing I have more to say. It's funny: I remember the first time I saw *Knights* mentioned in *Outworlds*, I nearly shit in my pants in ecstasy. In the latest *Xenolith* I note that *Knights* is mentioned once or twice, and I really can't get too thrilled about it. But then, *Knights* only has one cough left in its life, one last issue of letters before its subscription to life is cancelled. So it goes. And, no, Bill, I most certainly don't mind the "guilt-by-association" in Gary Farber's review. At one time, to be mentioned in the same breath as Bill Bowers or *Outworlds* would have sent me into seizures. Now, it merely slides by me. I know I am becoming jaded. Perhaps fandom has changed. Perhaps I've changed. But I just can't see what was once there. I no longer have the pure fun I used to have. Many of the things I entered fandom to do I now do professionally. I'm a typographer now. I do advertising and magazine paste-up. I layout magazines. I do free-lance graphic design. I'm a free-lance writer. And doing all of that for money has somehow taken away the pleasure of doing those same things in a fannish context. Perhaps fandom was my apprenticeship. Now I'm in the real world. And perhaps, what I'm really trying to say is that I wish I could be an apprentice again...
[3/14/80] - POBox 387, O'Fallon, IL 62269

I suppose I really should mention it somewhere--where I came from & all that--but next/this month [May] marks the 50th Anniversary of fanzines.

...and I suppose there are those still waiting for me to do the first "perfect" one.

Real Soon Now. Honest.

Reasonable Rates.

...so far this year, three friends have spent a week of their vacation at the Harrison Avenue address.

It's been fun.

...if interested, R.V.S.P. for qualifications and preliminary programming...

(Friendly Brown Cat-in-perpetual-heat, included at no extra charge.)

...speaking of reasonable rates: Yes, there will be a Spacecon Two...July 18-20.

Membership rates go from \$5.00 to \$7.50 as of 6/1; write for details.

...you too can knock on my door at midnight on my birthday! Be there...

HARRY WARNER, JR. Both covers are splendid. John Rodak's front cover seems to be a flawless realization of a complexly balanced composition and I'm baffled by the fact that every time I look at Streff's back cover, I alternate between deciding that the human is a pre-school child or an aging woman.

Spider Robinson's reference to the old Boyer-Colbert movie seemed easy to clear up when I read it. I'd seen the movie a few years ago and it was just a matter of thinking a few moments until the title occurred to me. Three days later I was still fretting over that film and wondering about the vanished title. So I got out a reference book which lists most of the feature films made in the English language by the two stars, found they'd appeared together several times, suspected that the movie in question is *Tovarich*, but the description of that film in TV MOVIES doesn't seem to coincide exactly with what I remember of the movie Spider mentioned.

But I still managed to find time amid all that intellectual activity to read and enjoy the rest of the interview. The question-and-answer format for interviews continues to bother me, making me think of transcripts of murder trials, but the way in which you put this one into type is different and makes it look less mechanical in nature.

Billy Wolfenbarger has the rare ability to make me feel sympathetic and comprehending when he writes about feelings and an environment that are almost totally alien to me. For instance, it's sort of hard to see references to the Venice in California without thinking of the closest contact I've had with it, the ancient Charlie Chaplin short about kid auto racers. But somehow I achieved temporary suspension of this notion while reading the new installment of *Language at Midnight*.

I don't know quite how to comment on most of the pages you wrote. They're so intensely personal that they leave me aware of how little I know you as a person and how scanty my contacts have been with most of the people you write about. The cryptic nature of many remarks doesn't help either. One thing I'll say: anyone who tries to publish *The Annotated Xenolith* a century or two in the future is going to have more trouble writing glosses and explanations of these pages than *The Annotated Alice* caused.

One reason stained glass windows look rather dingy from outside is the protective screening that so many churches have been forced to put over them. It's hard to see from a distance that the screening is there. Another way stained glass windows tend to be unimpressive is in photographs taken inside churches. It's almost impossible to get an exposure that is right for both windows and the interior's contents. I spent the better part of an hour dodging enlargements to get a publishable photograph of this sort for the local newspapers on the day when the John F. Kennedy memorial service was held here, and then the people who go to the church where I took the picture almost drove me bats asking for the negative and refusing to believe that they wouldn't get prints that looked like the newspaper photograph by having copies made from that negative at a commercial shop.

Lee Pelton is so right about fans resisting change. And yet fans don't actively fight change if it comes about through simple circumstances. The growth of worldcons is a good example: worldcons have changed unrecognizably as a result of the gradual growth in registration and attendance but hardly any fans want to change that kind of change. It would be so easy to do it, simply by dropping the movies, the huckster's room, and a few other aspects that help to attract the mobs. But that would require the kind of change that fans resist, the change that comes about by deliberate creation of the change by fans' own decision.

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Gee, I haven't done this in a while (let's see if I remember how), but a few changes in Editorial Policy seem to be in order.

Several factors:

1) Tanya has sold the press the first two issues were done on, and Marla has quit the job that enabled X:Three to be printed Very Cheap. Costs are Up.

2) Working as a contractee/temp/job-shopper/whatever does not lead to long range fiscal planning. Working Long Distance has its own set of Complicating Factors.

and 3) The last time I was in the particular emotional state I am right now in, I "killed" Outworlds, quit a job with 16 years seniority...and moved 250 miles.

Given that, there's no telling what I might do, this time (if anything); but doing fancy pretentious fanzines is something that (for me) requires just a wee bit more financial and emotional stability than I can foresee at the moment. And I *will* do more Fancy & Pretentious Fanzines: Nobody does it better...! *With a typewriter!*

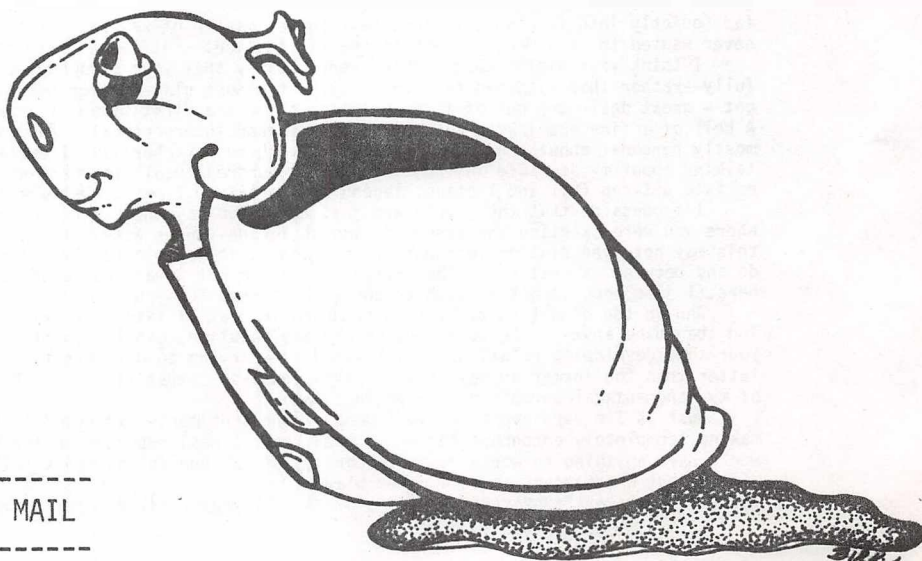
The basic fact remains that I had more *fun* with the first "Series" done under this title--small and frequent issues, mainly by and about me... And that's probably the way things are going to go, at least for a while: ten to twenty page issues, aimed at particular conventions/events...and mainly by me--though I will certainly consider some "outside" things. It will, probably, be intensely personal...certainly esoteric! (So what else is new? Well...) Editorial Whim, or M4O4N4E4Y determine availability. ...fanzines should be fun & silly; even if not daily. "...to be, not to seem".

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